

sides enter the water -willows and hawthorns  
find scanty  
roothold. Where the river enters the lake  
there is a  
thicket of small willows, and where it leaves  
it its bright  
waters ripple through a wood of cherry, pear,  
plum, and  
hawthorn. A broad high bank of gravel lies  
across a  
part of its lower end, and all seemed so safe  
and solitary  
that I pitched my camp here for Sunday at  
an unusual  
distance from the other camps.

"Things are not what they seem." Two  
armed  
Haj wands visited the camps, shots were  
heard at intervals  
this morning, and in the night some of the  
watch said  
they saw a number of men advancing  
towards us from  
under the bushes. I heard the sharp crack  
of our own  
rifles twice, and the Agha and Sahib calling  
on every one  
to be on the alert; the mules were driven in,  
and a great  
fire was made, but nothing came of it. To-  
night Mirab  
Khan's guides, who have been with us for  
some days,  
have gone back, journeying at night and  
hiding in caves  
by day for fear of being attacked.

This lovely lake, having no native name,  
will be  
known henceforward geographically as Lake  
Irene. Its  
waters lie in depths of sapphire blue, with  
streaks and  
shallows of green, but what a green ! Surely  
without a  
rival on earth! Were a pea transparent,  
vivid, full of  
points and flashes of interior light, that  
would be the  
nearest approach to the colour, which  
changes never,  
while through the blazing hours the blue of  
the great  
depths in the centre has altered from

sapphire to turquoise, and from turquoise to lapis-lazuli, one end and one side being permanently bordered round the margin with liquid emerald. The mountains have changed from rose to blue, from blue to gray, from gray to yellow, and are now flushing into pink. It is a carnival of colour, before the dusty browns and dusty grays which are, to come.

*Gamp Sarawand, July 9.*—To-day's march has been